Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 34

Naddalin

Preface:

Once upon a time- there was a place called:

‘Rockville,’ Or a farm- in some small town- known all so as a town just like: ‘The Land of Many Steeple’s…’ and as asked of me- she wanted me to keep the name of her town anonymous and them to all of this in this epic story do. She- I- we, still feels that all of them in these small towns, that you may know, still do not deserve the honors of being remembered in the story for their names, over the fact of what she- I and

we went through… Or the girl in Pittsburgh to see with her you saw life on the other end of things, didn't you?

Thus, for this little girl's- Bible- is no fairytale…

Yet, it is meant to be just that too…

Up till now, was it all that you thought it would be?

Like we all feel the names of towns do not matter, the life of, girls like you and I do… yet they were all

places in Pennsylvania… all but one ends up here.’

So far been there was nothing like this place at all… In a scene, we were all in a place where did not belong, at one time or another, at least it is less than one minute or so away from one… world to the other, like she and I, and them too, and now you too to can get there- if you fall- that is… if you fall like us, you will see this world phenomena world of unbelievable and dark hope.

~Haven~

‘To the girl that has my heart- let us be flawed together it’s CUTE! Like- we may not be perfect but together we are perfect- perfect.’

Haven- this is where I say my story is over, or so- o, I thought- yet- I have one last thing to say… as who I was… and why I ended up the way I did, yes, I am older now… wiser, and look back on my young days, and think and think… I remember the girl next door, us both holding hands tightly, us both 5 holding hands, I recall her

saying- and it was so sweet and cute,’ No ma’ his… MY BOYFRIEND!’

I remember this, and what could have been… yet this hex was, or she was what stopped it- I knew it and this is why- I end up the way I did and, she… I know that she is living life… and had the family, yet was she happy I never know- the truth… was she really in love with the boy, or me, still… that is the question? I evoke, she was wearing a skirt that was denim, she long browns hair, and green eyes, and a plaid bandanna- I wonder if she ever

has had those moments where she sat back and said, I remember that boy back then and think of what could have been, she too kept apart from me over that one person’s mouth…

I needed out so, I ended it…

I did not want to think of the anymore…

Or, the this and that’s…

~Haven~

Interval 1

There is Jalynn- she is teaching me how to go higher and her in the skies.

I’s, to have a number on my backside- (G- N- 14- 13- 000669- 9966.)

She has told me the story’s, of her mother, and grandmother and great-grandmother… she asked where I went wrong… we the rest of them gone dark… you can see Jaylynn crying every day at the graveyard, fallen, and the haunts of Neveah at her old swing by her falling home now, and you can see

Kristen grave next to them all too. A lot of time has passed down there… a- lot.

There goes a flying horse called Nidelzile, oh its mine- (He- there- she pets her head, and mine.) I have one a pet, that I fly- named, Braelynn. This was something I had to do to become a lady- and no longer a little girl… is the brake and ride one… one for life. I used to ride her before I got my black wings… back when I was a little girl, yet we still have a bond…

‘There we are looking down on the Earth…

Fallen too You all… and rising above it all.’

Chapter: 142

(2020)

Karly- Baby to baby- Grayson- She tells him, ‘Uh, love, no one's ever going to hurt you, love, I'm going to give you all of my love, nobody matters like you, she tells him- your life is not going to be anything like my life. You're going to grow and have a good life; I'm going to do what I've got to do.’ So, Rock- a- bye baby, Rock- a- bye, I am going to rock you.

Rock- a- bye baby, do not you cry. Somebody has you… Rock- a- bye baby, Rock- a- bye. I am going to rock you.

Rock- a- bye baby, do not you cry. For all the single mums out there going through frustration. By- Clean Bandit, this song was made for me at this point in my life…

Part: 1

It is too odd, I said to be here now, all the same teachers at a new school at Skoufyceol - yet with me…

and not her… why me, is the question that I asked?

Why…?

Why- am I the next? Why was the hex passed do to me, like all in my family before me?

Why- was I chosen, like the I to have fallen to this…

Why- I must do more than she ever could!

The only girl to ever come this far has passed… now should I do the same?

Karly was my Mother… so why me… that what we girls have been asking for years now…

Why- US…?

Why?

Without doing what I must, I feel cheated.

You may know some, old friends, and foes along the way, we all did how do you trust?

They were flawlessly standard, Mr. and Mr.’s. Doll girl… there were 4 of them, all that you would call typical.

A closed-off drive out of sight… is what you see looking into their homestead, and back behind their cover of darkness and tree cover weeping tree is the old-looking home, the same home that, Nevaeh and all my past relatives lived in.

Though they were out there they were also respectful to all, that passed even if year back there were looked down on by the town and the lands… they were in. Yet, even still where easy- to say, thank you very much, to all… even though… their word

of them was not the greatest, for your time.

All those girls did what they could.

Why should I be any different?

They were four last individuals to have this placed down on them like me.

You would imagine being complicated in whatsoever bizarre or mysterious, and it is like, just odd because they just did not grasp with such gobbledygook, to see what I do.

Mr.’s. Natalie was tinny, and a fair-haired short one, and my mother you have already met… yet is now 50 or so-o.

Looking around you see that there are still may orchards countless fences and the long drive with the lanterns… nothing here really changes.

Anyways, like- I was saying Mr. Natalie (my daddy) was their administrator of a well-founded named horning, which completed military training, and he got that through my

grandmother Kristen, taking over her spot.

Just another day an argument had broken out over breakfast at number four… of us. Not for their first time, this is a day in and day out.

Um- yeah- we live on Privet Drive; sorry- I’s bounce around- it is my ADHD- so keep up.

Dad- I could hear a loud, hooting noise from her Naddalin’s room.

Naddalin - was a highly unusual girl in many ways, yet all the kids she now could sum it up in one word or two.

- Gay- S*UT- or worlds meaning slow in the noggin… yet, that was still coming for Mazel mouth… all those years back, and here offspring of freaks.

For one thing, she hated their winter holidays- like more than any other time of year, it was lonely, yet that is not a new thing with her type- in this family.

For another, she wanted to do her study but was forced to do it in secret, in there dead of night.

The studying of wizardry… to fight the hex that was placed down on us.

Naddalin- named for the one that came before me, smashing their names together.

Naddalie- and Lynn you get-it… not the same spelling- anyways… yes…

(Moving forward)

Me- So, it was midnight, and I was lying on my stomach in bed. (Reading a book on the History of Magic… yet like the ones before more, I am not able to do such- you know to read to my leave.)

IT IS TIME TO FIGHT EVIL WITH EVIL!

I have all my blankets drawn right over my head like a tent, making a fort. So, there is a large leather-bound book propped open against my pillow, as my head is a rest looking over it. I have a big flashlight, on one hand, of

mine, and the other hand is holding the page, that I am on, that being 665 on the left.

I FEAR THIS STUFF, YET I AM SICK OF BEING SICK AND TIRED.

I- Naddalin, moved the tip of MY finger to the eagle feather quill down the page, I had used as a bookmarker.

I am frowning as she looked for something that would help her author this essay, I needed to do for school, yet could not keep interested… yet, with me, that is- what I have- or so they

say. Fight this- all the is what I have- not that- this…!

I am thinking that- Witch Burning in their Fourteenth Century Was Completely Pointless if so, I would be there now… – AH- I Am like- discussing this all in my head- like a crazy girl- I AM NOT CRAZY.

(Back)

My dad is a big, beefy man with hardly any neck… although he did have an exceptionally large mustache, there was on there not like Hitter yet small, and before you say it, like- I

know whom she is…'…Not just some bad guy.'

(The Natalie's, had a small girl called Dariez and there was no finer girl anywhere, and they had her. They did not deliberate they may tolerate it if anyone found out about theirs, and then her, see she was the one that was- BAD. Sh*t- The Natalie's had their whole enchilada- all everything- and anything they sought after, nonetheless, they also had a hush-hush dark secret and a darker past, and her being most of it, yet she was here- and

they had to put up with her no? Even if we tried to kill her… In addition to that, their highest terror was that an important or unimportant of this girl that would find them all out, and the hex that they wanted to let go of. Yet we were never- ever let that happen.)

NEVER…!

FOR THEY ALL HAVE- AND HAD- BEEN SO- O F*CKING PERFECT.

In a wondrous way… I think if this is all said and down, yet I feel that- why not, it is more, my grandmother, to do this… here wises… on this family.

~*~

(Mr.’s. Natalie conjured their story that she did not have a younger sister, that is was just three girls, yet she was in school with them, under a name that was not the same, since, that her younger sister and her ass of a husband were as Natalie- I- sh as it was possible to be- we found out- it’s not hard they all look the same.)

US- Um- like them as queen as if they were their modern family from the 1950s, TV show was not their thing. The Natalie’s trembled to with their

minds, that their neighbors would say if there all their kids like - s arrived in their motorway, after school with here being seen. Yet we all no… we all do…

Ah- the secret shame… he- he- he.

The Natalie’s knew that their kids had a small a little girl, with them, too, her- Naddalin, the descent from them… but they had never- ever even seen her, so they say, yet she is there.

This girl was another respectable real for keeping their past away; they did not want her mixing

with any of the other children, around her, that was so creepy and odd- to them and their dick- sh ways, yet what had to be done.

Mr.’s. - was Mr.’s. Natalie's sister, but they had not met for many ages did not affect, a long story covering up here… so, who are they… hint- hint… When Mr. and Mr.’s. Natalie woke up on their dull, gray after a night of romping, Natalie gossiped away happily as she wrestled an ear-piercing Alisha into her high chair. And the tiny child, and giggled

Mr. Natalie as he left their adorable house next to the railroad tracks and many hayfields, with its oh- so nice fencing for years.

(Day’s pass)

Thursday our story starts, there was nothing about their overcast heaven’s outdoor to propose, that outlandish and mysterious things would soon be happening all over their queendom. Mr. Natalie buzzed as she picked out his most uninteresting tie for work, and Mr.’s.

The plume paused at their top of a Pa. paragraph.

Naddalin pushed her long hair off the bridge of her nose, as she sat… there, contacts covering her real eye color, and true Identification- the light blue.

(Back to that night)

After playing with myself, as girls do at bedtime, and no I cannot frantically frap- like some- I move the flashlight closer to the book, and read, about wizardry. I was loving this increasingly… the darkness was

holding me- like no- another thing could. With all my ADHD- E- itch-NESS- and all!

Non- magic people… would not get me I thought…

Me- were particularly afraid of magic in medieval times, more now than then… I think yet I do not have a mind to do that do I? …Yeah- but not particularly good at recognizing it… I see this with them- and they. Like this one time on a rare occasion I’s think I go a catch a real witch- for another family, she was one of them, that

trashed me out. Burning or killing me did not affect whatsoever... I knew what I was going to do either fall to them, or fall like her, or overcome it all.

The witch would perform a basic

Flame-Freezing Charm, on Nevaeh and Karly, thinks they were doing the same thing over and over in a day week, or even years at a time- I have read this- yet they do not want to hear it... it in the past they say... said no? Déjà vu is what it called, and then pretend to shriek with pain while

enjoying a gentle, tickling sensation… lost in time in space you feel, that sounds sick.

Naddalin put her quill behind her ear and reached underneath her pillow for her ink bottle and a roll of parchment, and very carefully her unscrewed their ink bottle, dipped her quill into it… making notes… about being a wizard, and how to overcome this all.

I began to write, pausing every… that was the now out… and then to listen… my inner voices… that

talk to me. Because, if any of their townspeople would hear, all hell would break out.

The girls that were not good to her could hear there scratching of her quill on their way to their bathroom, yet that just thought that was her in her crazy’s. Doing what she does and that being weird.

I would find myself locked in their room under their winding steeps for the rest of their summer, which became my room, to get away from them.

The family is on that, privet drive, love summer off, yet not Naddalin- she never- ever enjoyed her summer breaks either, over the face she was let in her room under the stars to wither away, and decay in the mind.

Uncle Read, Aunt Jennath, and their girl, Dariez, where Naddalin’s only living relatives.

They were nonmagical people, and they had a very medieval attitude toward magic, my sisters, also. Naddalin’s dead parents, who had been

a witch and wizard themselves, were never- ever mentioned under their roof.

For years, Aunt Jennath and Uncle Read had hoped, that if they kept Naddalin as held back as possible, they would be able to squeeze their magic out of her. To their fury, they had not been unproductive.

All these days they lived in terror of anyone finding out, that Naddalin had spent most of their last two years at the school for girls Skoufyceol of Witchcraft and Wizardry, yet that is where they sent here... one

she bagged, two to go on like there was no known issue.

(The most they could do, however, was to lock away at Naddalin's and her spell books also, the wand too, could Sophia, and broomstick at the start of their summer break, and forbid her to talk to their neighbors, for she was slow in the head it was a boarding school for the low life… like the pig she is… or was it…? We wondered…)

This departure from her spell books, she had been a real problem to

them- ‘she’- being Naddalin, because her teachers had given her a- lot of holiday work, and at her old school at what was the oak view, the name changed back after the towns got their identities back, she did not have to do anything for they felt, that she was a waste, and a waste of time, besides could not be taught.

One of their essays, a particularly nasty one about shrinking potions, was for Naddalin’s least favorite teacher, Professor Gonzales, who would be delighted to have an

excuse to give Naddalin detention for a month.

Naddalin had, therefore, seized her unintended, ways in her first week of their holidays, as unwanted.

While Uncle Read, Aunt Jennath, and Dariez had gone out into their Sophia garden to admire the snowfall, Uncle Read's new company car as well, (in very loud voices, so that the rest of their street would notice a new 2065 Toyota Prius in the driveway,) Naddalin had crept downstairs, picked the lock on their

cupboard under their stairs, grabbed some of the other girl's books, to learn there stupid, and hidden them in her small bedroom under the stars. Yet even after all these years, nothing in a small town will ever change… just like minds.

If she did not leave spots of ink on their sheets, that would never know… even so, they thought she was nuts, there need- ed never to know that she was studying magic by night, and her smarts by day, 'till dusk.

Besides, the third time this week, she was in trouble doing more than just studying in her little room, by the girls, that would take photos of her and put them online!

We sat a- crossed, from all of them, at the table, while they were saying it cannot control your- ways- with this junk, it must go!

None of them noticed large, tawny flying horses flutter past the window only me yet like them before me I have the gift of only being able to the worlds of good and evil, genetically

altered, they are… coming to see me… like all that have fallen… I can talk to them too. I am one of them… fallen, what they do not know is that the train took my soul, and I not alive at all… YET, I HAVE TRAYED TO KILL MY SELF OVER AND OVER, and the hex will not let me… all over they beat the sh*t out of me… and I am misunderstood.

So-o now, it is half-past eight, Mr. Natalie picked up his attaché case, pecked Miss. Natalie on her cheek, and tried to kiss and hug Alisha goodbye,

but Missed her face, this one was not feeling it, because, Alisha was now having a little passive outburst of bratty- ness and throwing her cereal at their walls and ripping newspapers was more important. Lovely- he got into his car and backed out to drive off the overhanging tree that a now around 150 years old, or more.

Naddalin tried, yet again, to explain, her feeling and thoughts about everything yet they would not hear it. Just rolling their eyes at her senselessness.

It was at the junction of their motorway, that he saw their first sign of strange- a pussycat walking backward on their road. He was having one of those moments. It was a spell…?

For a second, Mr. Natalie did not grasp what he just had seen- then he shook his head around to look again, lost in the moment of think I was here before, yet this should have never been.

He said this all to me- was he seeing things…? Like- from not getting any sleep last night, over too much Freak ME sex- his girl- and was playful

and all, and she was too- happy to put up with me anyway. It was like their minds were taken over by something that was- NOT.

Driving past her he saw yet another one… doing the same thing, life is running backward… (she has said this to me…)

A black cat walking backward on their corner of the driveway, past the front of the car. I was getting my head wrapped around what cat would do that? And I was bored, and running through the fields, to them chasing

nothing yet in my mind it after the world they do not see, the world of angels, flying horses, and magic.

She is used to flying around outside, with me in the fields, I run carefree too, looking as they say crazy. It was the only thing that was real to us.

Caregiver- If I could just let her out at night, she would not have the smarts to come back. She is off looking for things and playing pretends in her mind. It must have been a trick of their

light, I too thought I saw this girl having black wings…? No- maybe…?

She was the gorgeous thing I had had ever seen… I was fixed on her… and could not say in the world what I saw… nor did I want to.

(Back)

The cat was looking at me… with glassy eyes… the feeling of chatting… it was speaking to me. (I have lost it…)

The look in my eyes said… I want your soul- a long and old lost like

story… of why… that was a question not answered that she wanted me to understand.

Part: 2

Mr. Natalie batted an eyelid and stared at the cat, that looked evil. It started back, as Mr. Natalie drove their corner and up their road. The eyes haunting him in the moon like and the crows, losing their minds, flying behind, and the trees scraping agents the new car, he floored it, and watched their cat in his mirror, running fast and faster, unlike and thing Earthly could.

Calling to him- like… in long creepy whimpering. (I want you…) nope, seeing at their sign; um- cats could not talk say to say to her what she was thinking, nonetheless what are all these signs, about- and it hit him, like- the girl, was hexed, and bring on the evil into their life’s.

Before getting in his car- she did not see they are a- a lot of creepy-creepy- birds flying around him, wanting to pick at his eyes and face, with wings, spread- fly down past him in the early daylight.

Do I look stupid…? I wounded and thought to myself…? This is a dream…? I know that we have come a long way in life, with fixing love, and then saying we need it, and then fixing sickness, and that is playing well, or making a baby the way you want him or her… yet I never- ever seen something like this. 20 years, I remember when that all took place… I was not for it at all, I was one of the boys in my teens, and wondering this was a side effect, for not having young lust, then. It was the régimes taking over… and we overthrew them…

How could love be- bad…?

Part: 3

(Next day)

Snarled, Uncle Read, a bit of fried egg dangling from his bushy mustache. And- I know what will happen if I was to speak out and up to about what I am real.

And- and so on… that chatted about what happened… as I crammed eggs into my pie hole, and did not look up, and did not say anything unless spoken too.

Mr. Natalie gave himself a little shake and put the cat out of his mind, even if that was all that he was babbling about. And all that I wanted to explain yet was not allowed too… it was frustrating.

That is a good thing… she said, let it go…

This day started the same as the day before- as he drove toward the town that looks decerped timeworn Victorian, and some thought out of there pass the day in the 1920s or 1930s, fairytale-like, we pondered, how

the town was still standing, and the highway too, it was thought about, nothing except a large order of training he was hoping to get that day.

Let me love you is playing in the background an oldy but goodie they say…

However, on their edge of town, military exercises were driven out of his mind by different, diverse, and dissimilar. Yet the cat keeps popping into his mind like her… and the feelings of wrong.

Naddalin tried to claim, that she knew the why of it all, but her words were- go- under by a long, loud gulp looking at the other girl's.

It was a shocking business… shocking… miracle none of them died… over this, never- ever heard the like… by thunder, we are here and all that shocked in the face, it was lucky you were there, or you would have goosebumps too.

Everything comes back to you… I said this and the one said, thank you, Martita, she was smitten, in

thinking DAH. I did not see the sarcasm, and said thanks back! She said too, missed me doing the same, in my tone.

Thinking about a girl, yes that girl, I was lost in the thoughts, that she wanted for so long, to go there and to kiss, ahh- h- ha- I was a thing about her.

And- Thank you, very- very- much indeed, truly, and Martita, I said.

(Back at school)

Second Class, I would have to say… it was nothing to say anything about. First Class- also- and, if I can swing it, I get through it! Besides- and… think about a girl! The other wizard girl, like me… that I like- like more of them like even love. I knew why I had a nasty headache, yet I was not going to say any more there was no use in it, I suppose? Even in class, there were not all there yet that is me. Besides- it was-, Clean, and Kizziah, Martita… where all in my class to feeling this black darkness is me, yet I's was aware of what was going on.

(Besides- if it is not wizardry on our young minds, then selfies masturbating, with their other girls is their anti-boredom, we all in their same room so- it happens, in their chambers. I think about kissing a girl, why not, they are all we have. Also- no…! It is wrong to think she, and her of all girls to think about in such sin- shy ways, yet we all know. Yes, even in a place like this… even if it a place of witchcraft, there is still something that is considered wrong, and she more than most- yet here we like to look at what others say.

Naddalin- and I go to hell for it anyways, I thought, yet, being young and dumb these days, every older preteen says we kids/girls are at are all-girl school. Like- we- us- all- belong way down below, for our sins, of all, even lust- the lust of all, yet therefore we are here in their first place.

This blackness had bewitched them and her more than their others, I saw it at once, yes, yes, I did, a confounds charm, to judge by their behavior.

They thought there was a possibility, that she was innocent, blameless, guiltless, they would be right, and so- o would she in some ways also.

For a girl to enjoy herself you need to be a yardstick apart, said there, one professor.

Who- say’s things like that? Said one teacher at her old school…

Some girls just rolled their eyes, others it went over their young heads. Judge by their behavior, she

said, we do, to see into your- mind, body, and soul.

(Alleged)

‘I will be judged by them…? I do not care… I thought.’

Part: 4

(Forward)

(The board)

They were not responsible for their actions, said their one- in a fast-ripping thought. On their other hand, their interference might have allowed

black shadow, to outflow… over them too from her, from their soles within, from their black hole below, they visibly, with her and the other girl no…? Thought they were going to catch black shadow solitary- tendered.

They have gotten away with a great deal before now… yet that is what we have them here now… These young ruthless smutting girls think about nothing but temptations, I am afraid it has given them a high opinion of themselves… and of course - has always been allowed an extraordinary amount

of license by their principal… to think and be with- HER!

- And, mmm.

And- Ah, well, Gonzales… Naddalin, you know… we've all got a bit of a blind spot where she was concerned, worried, and nervous.

And- Bothered… completely!

And- And yet - is it good for her to be given so much special treatment? That thought was bouncing 'round their campers too.

In my view, I try and treat her like any other student.

And any other student would be suspended - at their very least - for leading his friends into such danger.

Consider, Martita - against all Skoufyceol rules - after all their safety measures put in place for his protection - out- of- bounds, at night, consorting with a werewolf, and a murderer – and, I have a purpose to be certain of her has been visiting: Skoufyceol of Wizardry unlawfully too and, to HER, and their others, she should be… not

with all of them… we cannot do that… she is fine said there one… fine… a sweet child… nothing more nor less…

Besides- with a - Well, well… we shall see, Gonzales, we shall see… The girl has unquestionably, incontestably, and categorically has been thoughtless… and a bloody fool!

And- was thought and passed, ‘round.

Chapter: 143

The girl has a vagina is I am sorry here…! And- shoulders movie, to

their obvious. Naddalin lay to listen in with her eyes tight shut, holding her girlfriend's hand tightly. Saying under her breath, I do not care- I do not if it is wrong, I love you. And- she giggled; I feel there same about you too, quietly this happened. She felt very sleepy and was wanting to go to her sleeping chamber with her and there shared a bed, held hands, like young girls do, in their night tops all there same as their others two to a bed, yet they picked each other.

(A day back)

She remembered that her limbs felt heavy, then their steam train, with all them that were once in it; her eyelids too heavy to lift… Pa. over, they nodded off-hand and hand at once, she wanted to lie here, on this comfortable bed, forever…

The words she was hearing seemed to be wandering very eerie to her from her ears to her brain so that it was problematic to understand… at this undeveloped age, of a tween.

How would I describe my looks I would say I look like a honey blond Emma Watson; medium- brown hair.

Sometimes, it is very subtly highlighted with gold, but it is never anything obvious. I usually wear my hair parted in the middle, although occasionally you will see me with her hair parted to the right side. The hair color does vary slightly from a darker brown to lighter brown, and from golden hues to redder ones. However, my color does not change dramatically. It usually falls just past shoulder

length. I wear my hair straight or with a slight wave. I’s use a large- barreled curling iron or sleep-in braids, to do that.

Wearing nude or neutral colors on my lips. I will apply light pink or peach blush to her cheekbones.

However, this look is never overly dramatic. I play my eyes, I do not wear false eyelashes, and I do not go for bright or garish pastels or sparkly colors. I am a fan of smoky eyes. I am a girl with eyebrows, I do not see the need for plucking all of

them little hairs out, we girl have enough of that to do as is.

And why is when I make lady-ness with me myself and I- I get the sillies? Is all about the fact I think about her well-doing?

I love her, I think…

Just like objects can hold spirits, like my great grandfather's railroad lantern that was Blair Jays Natalie’s, when he was a railroad worker, odd I got it from the train that is now main… like he leads me to do this… Just like Jinger has a mooring

necklace, around her neck with a crystal, dark made from the human hair of the one that past, I have one to form a girl that was named Lily, oh so many years back, I kept it… and I feel as she did- odd I do not know why, I know that she loved her daddy more than anything, he saved her… That a story in its self…

The Girl in the Window

Part: 1

The little girl lost in her room, looking out from the window said, all along she feels as the world closes its eyes on her, yet she never- ever sleeps, she the girl in white that never- ever is at rest. The dormer- the room grayed to her memories, of her life in the past when she was alive, her dad died was what killed her also on the inside, she wants to hide, yet all she has is the girl that lives in her old room to talk too, do

you see them playing together yet it is all in her mind.

Do you see me with my- sad looking eyes crying for your life, I want to be in you to playing within you and your body and mind do you have the time to feel me- as I want to get out of this room, stop hunting be as rest and move on… yet, I need someone like you- to do that… do you see my old house as it is falling around me, yet Sarrah lives here too she plays with me even if she does not dead yet? I am forever and always looking out my addict window

down at the kids I do not get to see- why?

For I am always up here- that is why… they do not get me, I do not think… do you see the covering, on my window, and the room of my roof line as you look up at me, do you hear me calling out for you? Asking for a body or soul to take like yours. I am here until you find me, we- you find me… please help me! I am always frightened by what I see and do not see alike… like with her- I could say the same- she is there and then she is not, do you see

her long hair blowing in the wind, that is not even there…?

Just a shadow person, for all my days left, until, I find pace- looking down is all that I do- and did all my life… (She is the shadow that is over me always.) - I see here in white I do- with her dark hair and green eyes, and little frame. The room is all gray, and the ceiling drips on me in the night when it rains; or even the snowmelt, like it, ever did in the past back when I was alive her in the 1800s.

Things have changed, then again, they have not in here, it is all I see out there that gets me thinking, does it- you? Not in here, where it is always the same, but outside where life has changed. Do you see my desk as it sits empty with nothing, but the lantern that flickers for me in the cold lonely nights, that was my dad from the railroad?

The chair’s broken, from age and has three legs, now that I can sit on, why for the fact, that I can make it float, as I do as well, I am as the light of

the ground, like a leaf in the gusting breeze, a tight room with the wood framing showing. All whitewashed, and yet mucky, and musty… she is there and then she is not, like me she lives in the same very walls and, yet I can go through them now, unlike before… and I can do this as I please… you and I are on the ground over there in the graveyard. Do you see my headstone? Like- do you see my headstone, with my name under the angel oak tree. Do you see me coming out of it, and the ground, at night, I must be reminded

that I am dead… that- that… is only my body there, yet this is me now…?

Always, back to my home where- I stay in my room with her, now it is her room, her mom and dad do not know or get that we do this, I have a friend in a living girl, that is about nine years old, and now I am inside of her, she is mine and my new live on Earth, to take, and she is in me… I will live the life I never- ever had, one way or another, do not you see- that I love her for this… and maybe if love her for all that she is too.

Do you see my moth-eaten blankets?

…And that she uses now…?

BUT IT’S all me, as she does not you see… NOT her all me, she is no-longer- the NOT her… that looks like her to them but not to you and I for we now know- sh-h! She is me- me- is she- do you get that? Confused- do not be… Do you see the old head and footboard there that we share? Do you see me with me all cute kneeling at the window looking out, at the crescent moon- with her?

I see all kinds of changes too like into a full round moon to a big sun, I have seen a- a lot of days, I have seen the days and nights for over 100 years, around the time that the first longest novel was written, funny… no, and now- now- by a man with the same first name- odd?

All the time- I never- ever changed, yet, I get a new girl body to see, too still like mine. And change their state of mind, they did as I changed her now, and there in the ground left behind no longer, like me, I

weep like the rain, on a tree to make it grows- through like her I will still, I did not have a good life, now I will take, and see if I well, a good life, is not what I had with my dad he did things to me that you would not understand, or maybe you would I don't know, either way, I don't want to talk about it, yet that teddy bear, is long gone too… so why talk about it. Do you see the rolling hills? Do you see the grave markers, more?

Do you see the tracks… next to the home? Do you see me over them all,

I remember all of them, therein there none- what I would call friends… yet, there died to me too even then, not to be seen… if you know what I mean… until I am at peace, yet seeing them I will never be? Yet, well I ever am even now- that is the question? There are never flowers on my plot, yet 100 years, I could see why- yet there was never-'till her… nothing but bones next to me to keep me warm… ha- funny my daddy's… sick- sick!

Part: 2

The sun shines, yet not for me it is always a rainy day, in my head- even now- yet get better, the clouds are there, saying go to hell, yet I do not want to… not just yet.

The little girl lost in her room, looking out from the window said, all along she feels as the world closes its eyes on her, yet she never- ever sleeps, she the girl in white that never- ever is at rest. The dormer- the room grayed to her memories, of her life in the past when she was alive, her dad died was what killed her also on the inside, she

wants to hide, yet all she has is the girl that lives in her old room to talk too, do you see them playing together yet it is all in her mind.

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is not dying, yet? I am forever and always looking out my addict window down at the kids I do not get to see- why?

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like it, ever did in the past back when I was alive her in the 1800s.

Things have changed, then again, they have not in here, it is all I see out there that gets me thinking, does it- you? Not in here, where it is always the same, but outside where life has changed. Do you see my desk as it sits empty with nothing, but the lantern that flickers for me in the cold lonely nights, that was my dad from the railroad?

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on, why for the fact, that I can make it float, as I do as well, I am as the light of the ground, like a leaf in the gusting breeze, a tight room with the wood framing showing. All whitewashed, and yet mucky, and musty… she is there and then she is not, like me she lives in the same very walls and yet I can go through them now, unlike before… and I can do this as I please… you and I are on the ground over there in the graveyard. Do you see my headstone?

Like- do you see my headstone, with my name under the angel oak tree.

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Always, back to my home where- I stay in my room with her, now it is her room, her mom and dad do not know or get that we do this, I have a friend in a living girl, that is about nine years old, and now I am inside of her, she is mine and my new live on Earth, to take, and she is in me… I will live the life I never- ever had, one way or another, do not you see- that I love her

for this… and maybe if love her for all that she is too.

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And change their state of mind, they did as I changed her now, and there in the ground left behind no longer, like me I weep like the rain on a tree to make it grows- through like her I will still, even so, I did not have a reasonable life, now I will exercise it, and see if I well, a good life, is not what I had with my dad he did things to me that you would not understand, or maybe you would I don’t know, either way, I don’t want to talk about it, yet that teddy bear, is long gone too… so why talk about it. Do you see the rolling

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Do you see the tracks… next to the home? Do you see me over them all, I remember all of them, therein there none- what I would call friends… yet, there died to me too even then, not to be seen… if you know what I mean… ‘till I am at peace, yet seeing them I will never be? Yet well I ever am even now- that is the question? There are never flowers on my plot, yet 100 years, I could see why- yet there was never-’till her… nothing but bones next

to me to keep me warm… ha- funny my daddy's… sick- sick!

The sun shines, yet not for me it is always a rainy day, in my head- even now- yet get better, the clouds are there, saying go to hell, yet I do not want to… not just yet. The tree is going to pass on before I do- you get that?

Do you get that…?

I remember being a kid, yet I do not, it was taken from me at 8 years old, and then I do not ever remember just being a kid like them or she or her too… I remember my mom being here

and then not, I saw it all fade away, even if I was so young, I got it, I got sad about it… like her, with me, it is like living the same life over. I recollect being feed, and being feed up with life, and being bath at night by daddy too… 'until that night that I fight back and said- 'NO.'

I remember him- my daddy, - strangely me out, after my bath and I was bare, we have all been abused by someone in one way or another their hands or mouth that is why we turn, to a girl, if we are a girl for love other

than men, that has always been mean to us- even if not the same boys- we think he is, and girls are always sweet caring and understanding, even if... I remember being in the fight for my life, and him being mean over something like pissing the bed, being feet smashed, rope around my head, books that he never- ever read hitting me in the head with it, called a bible… he started raping me and ripping the pages out saying craziness...

All the pages were flying about and hitting the floor as I was being

bounced on top of and had to do the other way around. ‘Books are like boobs’ he said to me- along with-you have to feel them and open them up like that little sight you have down there,’ and you don’t have those, grow up and be a woman, now- he was scramming in my ears!’

I used to get out at night- form my room and the musky bed, and get… to see the graveyard at night, walking around, they became my friends in my head, looking for someone to call a friend and not ‘till her, 100 years later,

that understood me for me- and she's alive- so full of life, and become a girl that like girls. I am Lucie, the girl lost her in her room in a window, that was looking for a girl lover, and I have found her, and she is just like you! I look back on my life when I was nine, back in 1927, the ford in the yard sat in the mud, and my whit Victorian was still falling- down yet not like now… yet that was over we- were a poor family.

And yet still astounding to those that passed by it think we were something for this immense home, a

wonder some called it for its room count and size. Do you see the 3 levels of this how with- it triangle roof in the middle part, up at the top is my room…?

Do you see all the arched windows- 200 of them it was, all made just for the home, along with its wood-clad siding- do you see that one only that is always like it is glowing at night with a slight flicker of yellow, warmth in the cold- cold evenings? This room is all mine and no- little girl should take this away from me I thought ’till she-

yes- she moved in… I get into her mind body and soul you see, now and forever as long as I like 'till I am at rest, or feel that I am… I am never- ever going to let go… never- ever- ever never! Even as bones someday she will be mine, my special friend!

Do you see the steps going into the dibble doors too, which can be opened- to even now the perfect feel- to someone like you- of something like the smell of fresh baking cookies, sitting on top of the old stove that never changed? Do you see the eerie fences

that wrap around the home like the porch? Oh, home I never want to leave it… more now than ever- over her.

The swing sawing the rocking me to sleep, back in the day, the night she leads me away with her, she was the only one I reviled myself too… in the daytime. Do you see- what all this and everything here is to me? And do you see all the things that have happened to me…?

I do not want to die final all alone, that is why I stayed here looking all these years, someone to get me. The

night up in a tree, she and I, sing, playing, and kind. Her crying for me makes me stronger, looking down making my tree grow, and as she is standing on my grave… wishing she were me now and I am here… and we are- we are.

You do not have to be stuck with you all your life- if you do not want to if your someone like me- or she too. Do you wish you were me- scary you are now- I am all inside of you- and in your head always- and forever- I will haunt your dreams- and I own you- he-

he- he! Until you find true love you will never- ever- never- ever be free of me!

Part: 3

Naddalin felt herself, and along with their completely swelling with pride as she watched them all. But it was a much closer, Miss. Smith, than usual, and everybody, all, and everyone else had made enormous progress, yet not this girl in her studies, this is what they were talking about. After an hour, Naddalin called a stop to all, and let her mind rest… bypassing out over-exhaustion. The last thing she said to

her before she left for the brake… ‘you and I, when we get back from holidays, we can start doing some of their big stuff even more spells…’

When she woke up- she was by her side. You are getting good, she said, grinning around at them, looking at them. There was a murmur of enthusiasm, they were doing more than just magic- no?

The room began to clear in their usual twos and threes; most people wished- in the open room of nude girls running around naked taking

steam hot showers, seeing her this way was- no words could say it… Naddalin a ‘Happy Christmas’ as they went, yet she was happier being back with her and the others- yet maybe just her.

Feeling cheerful, she collected up their cushions with Jinger and Emmah and stacked them neatly away, still drawing off airing out the goodies... yet where all girls- so-o yes…

Jinger and Emmah left before she did, it was bedtime after all; she hung back a little, because Koufyce was still there and she was hoping to

receive a ‘Merry Christmas’ from her, yet that was not likely.

‘No, you go on, ‘she heard her say to her friend, Martha and her heart gave a jolt that took it into their region Saula. She pretended to make straight her pillow pile, to do what she was going to do- and that was hump and romp with her girls.

She was quite sure, so unquestionable, they were alone now, and waited for her to speak with her through the night, even if there was a big day ahead, she was going to be with

her romantically. As an alternative, she heard a hearty sniff, of her undies under her pillow, and said go night and fall asleep with her in her arms.

She turned and saw Kalaie standing in there middle of their room, tears pouring down her face.

‘Whoa- What is with you- girl?’

She would not speak to us, over, she with me…

She did not know what to do, at their time.

She was simply standing there, deplorable wordlessly.

‘What is up?’ she said, feebly, given time.

She shook her head and spread her eyes on her sleeve, of her worn-out night top.

‘I’m sorry, ‘she said hoarsely.

‘I partially assume… it is just… learning all this junk… it just makes me… wonder whether… if she had known it all… she would still be alive.’

Natalie’s heart sank right back past its usual spot and set up somewhere around her bellybutton.

She ought to have known, being notorious… thoughts.

She wanted to talk about Joella.

‘She did know this sh*t,’ Naddalin said extremely, serious.

‘She was good at it, or she could never have to their middle of that maze. But if Waltemath wants to kill you, you do not stand a chance.’

Her hiccoughed at their sound of Waltemath's name but stared at Naddalin without flinching.

'You survived when you were just a baby,' she said quietly.

'Yeah, well,' said Naddalin wearily, moving towards their door, 'I do not know why nor does anyone else, so it is nothing to be proud of.'

'Oh, do not go!' said Kalaie, sounding tearful again. 'I'm really- sorry to get all upset like this… like- I did not mean to…' She hiccoughed again…

She was very even when her eyes were bloodshot and puffy, yet not as- not as much as she, beside me. And she was out now, looking even sweet then, ever.

Naddalin- felt thoroughly miserable, about not leaving her side to go to her, yet she did not want to- ever do that.

Like would this girl would have been so-o pleased with just a-'Merry Christmas.' Yet she did not get one from back home, not even… (Nothing-

for years, just a gloomy remembrance, of their fact they did not love her.)

Part: 4

‘I know it must be horrifying for you,’ I said.

I to go through this…

I was mopping her eyes on her sleeve again, she came over with us not aloud, yet it was done, I could not help but be there for her, it is just me, being me.

‘Me mentioning Joella when you saw her die…

I suppose in this hug, and get it with you-you just want to forget about it if I ever need you too?’

‘Okay-’

Naddalin did not say everything to this; it was quite true, but she felt hard-hearted saying all and everything.

‘You’re a good teacher, you know,’ said Hayvannah, with a waterlogged smile.

‘I’ve never- ever could dumbfound anything, or anyone before, yet I did just that.’

‘Thanks,’ said Naddalin awkwardly.

They see each other for a long moment.

Naddalin felt a burning desire to run from their room and, at their same time, wide-ranging powerlessness to move her little young feet.

‘Mistletoe,’ said Hayvannah softly, pointing at their ceiling over her head, and there kissed.

‘Yeah,’ said Naddalin… Her mouth was very in need of a drink.

‘It’s full of Kayarglers, though.’

‘What are Kayarglers?’

‘No idea,’ said Naddalin. She had moved closer to her and now on top and over her um body one, leg, side to side, with her torso, in a lover’s hold.

Her brain seemed to have been stunned- like.

‘You’d ask Danna.’

Hayvannah made a funny noise, like between a moan, and a giggle, when I play with her and kiss her too, playfully.

She was even nearer to her now.

She could have calculated their dimples on her nose.

‘I the crazy one like you,’ Naddalin. I am like you more than I like…

Ha- same- shush!

She could not think, a tingling sensation was spreading through her, paralyzing her arms, legs, and brain.

She was too close to me.

She could see every tear clingy to her eyelashes…

I returned to my shared room, half an hour later to find Emmah and Jinger in their best seats by the fireplace; everybody else had gone to bed for the night, yet not us, we have gotten closer, and closer over the long nights- of being miss- fits.

Emmah was scripting an exceptionally long letter; she had previously filled half a roll of parchment, which was dangling from the edge of the old built-in desk in the room.

Jinger was lying on her hearthrugs, trying to finish her metamorphosis homework, the- being one thing and become another… we were doing just that the other day before, going from girls to butterflies, and the cat thing hit me… I knew… yet, say that to them back home and I am

the crazy one. I am like I am not allowed to say what happens here in my mind like we are not, let me… on the inside.

Slight changes from a girl too trivial things, and then go bigger, for the stars… Think big, she said in class, with all in young girl minds, said the only one to give these girls hope for a life in what is wisdom, a different teacher.

‘What kept you?’ She asked as Naddalin sank into the armchair next to Emmah’s.

Naddalin did not answer… She was in a state of shockwave.

Semi of she wanted to tell Jinger and Emmah what had just happened, but the other half wanted to take their secret with her to the graveyard, a place where they like to go to show their real's- selfies of wings and all. 'Are you all right, Naddalin?'

Emmah asked, peering at her over the landfill of her friend, now making it off the grown, to see me become, that was neat, yet we were learning how to fly.

Part: 5

‘What’s up? It was said, as a new lifecycle, with her began… as the change was made when they got black wings.’ Falling to this is not that bad now, is it…? Naddalin gave a half-hearted shrug, thinking she sold out, yet it is a better life than life at home… how she was on autopilot, they thought, yet in this form, she was new.

In truth, she did not know whether she was all right or not, said Jinger, lifting herself on her elbow to

get a clearer view of Naddalin, looking down at her as she was looking up.

‘What’s happened?’ ‘A fallen angel has fallen’- a classic pun.

‘It’s me- girl’ she said in a seek.

Naddalin did not know how to set about telling term and still was not sure whether she wanted to, that now she was one of them.

Just as she had decided not to say whatever, Emmah took matters out of her hands, and the wing came out of her back, and she shows herself to her

for the first time say- yeah- now your one of us- a suture- hood.

‘Is it Hayvannah? She asked competently there, that is the first flight.

(Questions)

‘Did she corner you after the meeting?’

Numbly surprised, Naddalin nodded.

Jinger sniggered, barely looking off when Emmah caught her eye.

‘So-o, what did she want?’

‘To see if I was a dumb sh*t like they say.’

‘Oh…?’ In a phony unpremeditated voice, she said we knew yet do not believe it.

‘She,’ Naddalin began, huskily; she cleared her throat and tried again.

‘So-o…’

‘Did you kiss?’ Asked Emmah energetically.

Jinger sat up so fast she sent his ink bottle airborne all over their rug.

Disregarding this totally, she stared avidly at Naddalin.

‘Well?’ She demanded.

Naddalin looked at Jinger’s appearance of mingled curiosity and hilarity to Emmah’s slight frown and nodded.

‘HA!’

Jinger made a successful gesture with her fist, and went into a

wild clang, of laughter that made several nervous looks back, an unenthusiastic grin spread over- Naddalin's face as she watched her- Jinger rolling around on the carpet; and looking for a second time over beside the window jump, about too.

Emmah gave Jinger a look of deep disgust and returned to her letter. 'Well?' Jinger said- finally, looking up at Naddalin.' How was it…?' Naddalin was careful for- a moment…

'Wet,' she said truthfully.

Jinger made a noise that might have showed jubilation or disgust, it was hard to tell.

‘Because she was deplorable,’ Naddalin continued deeply.

‘Oh,’ said Jinger, her smiles fading slightly.’ Are you that bad at kissing?’

‘Neenah,’ said Naddalin, who had not careful this, and at once felt worried.

Flashback- holding time with a spell- (That night think back there had a girl, kissy. kiss- sex.)

Part: 6

‘Maybe I am.’

‘Of course, you are not,’ said Emmah inattentively, still scribbling away at her letter.

‘How do you know?’ Jinger said very sharply.

‘Because Hayvannah spends half her time crying these days,’ said Emmah vaguely.’ She does it at

mealtimes, in the loo, all over the place.’

‘You’d think a bit of kissing woodcreeper her up,’ said Jinger, smiling.

‘Jinger,’ said Emmah in a dignified voice, dipping their point of her quill into her inkpot,’ you are their most unresponsive wart, I have ever had their hard luck to meet.’

‘What’s that supposed to mean?’ Said Jinger huffily.’ What per girl cries while someone is kissing

them?’ ’Yeah,’ said Naddalin, slightly desperately,’ who does…?’

Emmah looked at their pair of them with an almost pitying expression on her face.’ Don’t you understand how Hayvannah’s feeling now?’ She asked.

‘No,’ said Naddalin and Jinger together.

Emmah sighed and laid down her quill.

‘Well, she is feeling incredibly sad, because of Joella dying. Marva, I expect she is feeling confused because

she liked Joella and now she likes Naddalin, and she cannot work out whom she likes there most of all.

Marva, she will be feeling guilty, thinking it is an insult to Sedaris's memory to be kissing Naddalin at all, and she will be worrying about what everyone else might say, about her if she starts going out with Naddalin.

Chapter: 144

Besides, she cannot work out what her feelings towards Naddalin are, anyway, because she was there

one who was with Joella when Joella died, so that is all very mixed up and painful.

Oh, and she is afraid she is going to be thrown off their Crow claw Clepsidra team because she is being flown so badly.

A slightly stunned silence greeted their end of this speech, then Jinger said,' One mergirl cannot feel all that at once, they would explode.'

'Just because you have their emotional range of a teaspoon does not

mean we all have,’ said Emmah nastily picqueter up her quill again.

‘She was there one who started it,’ said Naddalin.’ I wouldn’t’ve she just sorts of came at me and next thing she is crying all over me, I did not know what to do.’’ Don’t blame you, mate,’ said Jinger, looking alarmed at their very thought.

‘You just had to be nice to her,’ said Emmah, looking up anxiously. ‘You were, weren’t you?’

‘Well,’ said Naddalin, an unpleasant heart creeping up his face,’ I sort of patted her on their back a bit.’

Emmah looked as though she was restraining herself from rolling her eyes with extreme difficulty.

‘Well, one supposes it could have been worse,’ she said.’ Are you going to see her again?’

Till must, won’t I?’ Said Naddalin.’

We’ve got DA meetings, haven’t we?’

‘You know what I mean,’ said Emmah impatiently.

Naddalin said nothing; Emmah’s words opened a whole new vista of frightening possibilities. She tried to imagine going somewhere with Hayvannah- Clepsydra, Kalaheo of Wizardry and being alone with her for hours at a time.

Of course, she would have been expecting her to ask her out after what had just happened… Their thought made her Hayvanna hatch clench painfully.

‘Oh well,’ said Emmah distantly, buried in her letter once more,’ you’ll have plenty of opportunities to ask her.’

‘What if she does not want to ask her?’ Said Jinger, who had been watching Naddalin with an unusually shrewd expression on his face.

‘Don’t be silly,’ said Emmah vaguely,’ Naddalin’s liked her for ages, haven’t you, Naddalin?’

She did not answer… Yes, she had liked Hayvannah for ages, but whenever she had imagined a scene

involving there two of them it had always featured a Hayvannah who was enjoying herself, as opposed to a Hayvannah who was sobbing uncontrollably into his shoulder.

‘Who are you authoring their novel to, anyway?’ Jinger asked Emmah, trying to read their bit of parchment now trailing on their floor. Emmah hitched it up out of sight.’ Vickie.’

‘Wilhemina?’

‘How many other Vickie’s do we know?’

Jinger said nothing but looked disgruntled. They sat in silence for another twenty minutes, Jinger finishing her Transfiguration essay with many snorts of impatience and crossings out, Emmah writing steadily to their very end of their parchment, rolling it up carefully and sealing it.

…And Naddalin staring into their fire, wishing more than anything that Sirius's head would appear there and give her some advice about girls.

…And their fire merely crackled lower and lower, until their

red-hot embers crumbled into ash and, looking around, Naddalin saw that they were, yet again, their last ones in their common room.

'Well, night,' said Emmah, yawning widely as she set off up their girls' staircase.

'What does she see in Wilhemina?' Jinger demanded as she and Naddalin climbed their girls.'

Stairs...

'Well,' said Naddalin, considering their matter, 'Is' pose she's

older, isn’t she… and she’s an international Clepsidra player…’

‘Yeah, but apart from that,’ said Jinger, sounding aggravated. ‘I mean, her is a grouchy get, isn’t she?’

‘Bit grouchy, yes,’ said Naddalin, whose thoughts were still on Hayvannah.

They pulled off their robes and put-on pajamas in silence; Lacy, Laila, and Neville were already asleep.

Naddalin put his glasses on her bedside table, and got into bed but did

not pull their hangings closed around his four posters; instead, she stared at their patch of starry sky visible through their window, next to Neville's bed. If she had known, this time last night, that in twenty- four hours there she would have kissed

Hayvannah Chang…

'Night,' grunted Jinger, from somewhere also she is right. 'Night,' said Naddalin.

Next time… if there was a next time… she would be a bit more contented.

She ought to ask her out; she had been expecting it, and was now angry with her…, or was she lying in bed, still crying, awful feel is about Joella?

She did not know what to think.

Emmah’s explanation had made it all seem more complicated rather than easier to understand.

That is what they should teach us here, she thought, turning over on to his side, how girls’ brains work… it

would be more useful than Divination, anyway…

Neville snuffled in she sleeps with her girl hand n’ hand, sweet and cute.

A flying horse blared somewhere out in their night.

Naddalin dreamed she was back in their DA room. Hayvannah was accusing her of luring her there under pretenses; she said, she had promised her, like- a hundred and fifty times a Hayvanna cholate black crow cards, if she showed up.

Naddalin protested…

Hayvannah shouted,’

Segregate me loads of

Hayvannah cholate Black Crow Cards, look!’ And she pulled out fistfuls of Cards from inside her robes and threw them into their air. Then she turned into Emmah, who said, ‘You did promise her, you know, Naddalin… I think you, had better give her something else instead… how about your Firebolt?’

Besides, Naddalin was protesting that she could not give

Hayvannah his Firebolt, because Ambridge had it, and anyway their whole thing was ridiculous, he had only come to their DA room to put up some

Christmas baubles shaped like Dobby's head… The dream changed…

Her body felt smooth, powerful, and flexible.

She was gliding between shining metal bars, across dark, cold 'the body of Neveah'…She was flat on their floor, sliding along on his belly… it was dark, yet she could see objects around her chartering in strange,

vibrant colors … she was turning his head… their corridor was empty… but no… a man was sitting on their floor ahead, his chin drooping on to his chest, his outline gleaming in there dark…

Naddalin put out her tongue… she tasted their scent on the air… she was alive but drowsy… sitting in Jinger's and their room, the doorway at the end of their corridor…

~*~

Nevertheless, their girl was stirring… a grey, wrap fell from her

legs as she jumped to her feet; and Naddalin saw her vibrant, blurred outline towering above her, it was one of the ghosts of the school. Naddalin longed to bite the chap… but she must become an expert in the impulse… she had more important work to do… with her sharpen fangs.

She like um- saw a wand withdrawn from her yet want to keep doing as she was… yet the haunt wanted to play, not to be some young little girl lost in a window in some

chamber of a room… forever- never- ever- ever- never- to be loved.

I human girl at the graveyard- I had my eyes on… named: Brittany- flawing in stealthy, I reared high from the ground and struck her once, twice, three times, plunging my fangs deeply into her, epithelium, I had the feeling, her ribs splinter beneath my jaws, she has become one of the new haunts of the school, I wanted her soul, feeling their warm gush of blood… swimming within her it felt, it gave me more

power and to keep my wicked life spin going- I must feed on the young girls.

Now she wants to play- even if I did this it was for the good of it, she needs to die, so I took her away for the pain of the Earthy world.

The little 5-year-old girls were yelling in pain… to me still, not thinking it all over, yet she was missing daddy… then she fell silent… when I said it all going to be okay, she slumped back against the wall… blood was splattering on to their floor… in transparences-like- Her forehead hurt terribly… her

mind was in the new body, yet she still saw all that was going on in the other world, it was aching fit to burst… yet I had to console her to the life- of the afterlife in the depths of dark death.

Part: 1

‘Naddalin!’

‘NADDALIN!’

She opened her eyes, to her. Every inch of her body was covered in an icy sweat, and cold girlie- c*m; her bed covers were twisted all around her like a straitjacket; she felt as though a

white-hot poker were being applied to his forehead.

‘Naddalin!’

Jinger was standing over her looking extremely frightened.

There were more figures at their foot of Naddalin’s bed.

She clutched her head in her hands; her pain was blinding her… she rolled right over and vomited over the edge of their mattress.

‘She is sick,’ said a scared voice.’

Should we call someone?’

‘Naddalin! Naddalin!’

She had to tell Jinger, it was very- especially important that she tells her… taken great gulps of air, Naddalin pushed herself up in bed, still nude, like all the other girls in the room, willing herself not to throw up again, there pain half-blinding her. We just thought it was the time of the mouth thing… or sadness, or not adjusting to the new way of life here. ‘Your dad,’ she panted, her chest heaving. ‘Your dads… been

attacked…’ ‘What?’ Said Jinger uninterestedly.

‘Your dad!’

He is being chopped up as we speak, it is serious, there was blood everywhere…

‘No…’ she said along with subbing.

‘I’m going for help,’ said their same scared voice, and Naddalin heard footsteps running out of their dormitory.

‘Naddalin, the bed- buddy,’ said Jinger uncertainly,’ you… you were just dreaming…’ ‘No!’ said Naddalin furiously; Jinger needed to understand.

‘It was not a dream… not an ordinary dream… I- I was there, I- I saw it… I- I did it…’

She could hear Laila and Lacy muttering but did not care.

The pain in her forehead was subsiding slightly, though she was still sweating and shivering feverishly. And then retched again and Jinger leaped backward out of their way. ‘Naddalin,

you are not well,’ she said- shakily.’ Neville’s gone for help.’

‘I’m fine…!’

Naddalin Hayvanna, wiping her mouth on her night top and shaking uncontrollably. There is nothing- nothing, Jigger with me, it is your daddy, you must worry about, we- us- she too, need to find out where she is- bleeding like crazy, I was, it was a huge serpent.’

She tried to get out of bed, but- Jinger pushed her back into it; Lacy and

Laila were still whispering somewhere adjacent.

Werther one minute passed or ten, Naddalin did not know; she simply sat there shaking, feeling their pain recede very sullying from her scar… then there were hurried footsteps coming up their stairs and she heard Neville's voice again.

~*~

'Over here, Professor.'

Professor Ashly came hurrying into their dormitory in her tartan

dressing gown, her glasses perched lopsidedly on their bridge of her bony nose.

‘What is it-? Where does it hurt?’

She had never been so pleased to see her; it was a member of their Order of their Durizy her needed now, not someone fussing over her and prescribing useless potions.

‘It’s Jinger’s dad,’ she said, sitting up again.’

‘He been attacked by a daemon serpent- and it's serious, I saw it happen she yelled.’

‘What do you mean, you saw it happen?’ Spoke Professor Ashly, her dark eyebrows contracting.

‘I do not know… I was asleep and then I was there… seeing this all…’

‘You mean you dreamed this?’

Part: 2

‘No!’ said, Naddalin furiously; would none of them understand?’ I was having a dream at first about

something different, something senseless… and then this interrupted it. It was real, I did not envisage it.

Mr. Clena was asleep on their floor, and he was attacked by a gigantic fallen angel of the love of final death, there was a load of blood, she collapsed, someone is got to find out where she is…'

Professor Ashly was gazing at her through her lopsided spectacles as though horrified at what she was seeing.

‘I’m not lying, and I am not nuts-o!’ Naddalin told her, her voice rising to a shout.’ I tell you; I saw it happen!’

‘I believe you, said Professor Ashly curtly.’

Put on your dressing gown were going to see their Principal.’

Then- Would not it be good if they finished each other off?

And- Jinger murmured in Naddalin’s ear, with her soft wet breath.

~*~

Gonzales’s upper lip was curling. Naddalin wondered why Hilliard was still smiling; if Gonzales had been looking at her like that he would have been running as fast as she could in their opposite direction.

Hilliard and Gonzales turned to face each other and bowed; at least, Hilliard did, with much twirling of his hands, while Gonzales jerked his head irritably. Then they raised their wands like swords in the finger of them.

And- As you see, we are holding our wands in their accepted argumentative position…

And- Hilliard told their silent crowd.

And- On their count of three, we will cast our first spells. Neither of us will be aiming to kill, of course.

And- all felt there same.

And- I would not bet on that…

And- Naddalin murmured, watching snappy.

Baring her teeth.

One - two – three, and more, all and!

~*~

Both swung their wands above their heads and pointed them at their opponent; Gonzales cried: and Expellers’!

And there was a dazzling flash of scarlet light and Hilliard was annoying off her feet: She flew backward off their stage, destroyed into

their wall, and slid down it to sprawl on their floor.

~*~

Mallerie and some of their other Andreasen's cheered. Emmah was dancing on tiptoes. And- do you think she has, all right?

She squealed through her fingers.

And- Who cares?

And- said Naddalin and Jinger together too and so-o.

Hilliard was getting unsteadily to her feet.

The staff, the hat had fallen off, and his wavy hair was standing on end.

Well, there you have it! And, she said, tottering back onto their platform.

And- That was a Disarming Charm - as you see, I have lost my wand - ah, thank you, Miss. Brown - yes, an excellent idea to show them that, Professor Gonzales, but if you do not mind my saying: ’so-o,’ it was very

understandable what you were about to do next.

If I had wanted to stop you it would have been extremely easy - though, I felt it would be educational to let them see… and… Gonzales was looking lethal.

Hilliard had noticed because she said, And-

Enough indicative of! I am going to come amid you now and put you all into pairs. Professor Gonzales if you would like to help me…

They moved through there the crowd, matching up partners. Hilliard teamed Neville with Joy Santah-Sletcherrle, but Gonzales reached Naddalin and Jinger first.

And- Time to split up their dream team, I think, and she sneered.

And- Raila, you can collaborate with Finnigan.

- And-

Naddalin moved toward Emmah.

And- I do not think so-o…

Yes- and yes…

And- said snappy, smiling emotionlessly.

And- Mr. Mallerie, come over here.

Let us see what you make of their well- known-.

And you, Miss. Kizziah - you can collaborate Miss. Bestrode.

- And-

Part: 3

Mallerie strutted over, smirking. Behind her walked an Andreasen girl who reminded Naddalin of a picture she had seen in Christmas with Joy-Anna. She was large and square and her heavy jaw jutted aggressively. Emmah gave her a weak smile that she did not come back.

And- Face your partners!

And- called Hilliard, back on their platform.

And- bow!

And- Naddalin and Mallerie barely inclined their heads, not taking their eyes off each other.

And- Wands at their prepared!

And- shouted Hilliard.

And- When I count to three, cast your charms to disarm your opponents - only to disarm them - we do not want any accidents - one… two… three…

- And-

Part: 4

Naddalin swung her wand high, but Mallerie had already started on, and Two And: Her spell hit Naddalin so-o hard she felt as though she had been hit over their head with a saucepan.

She tripped, but their whole thing still seemed to be working, and degenerating no more time, Naddalin pointed her wand straight at Mallerie and shouted, And- Torelts!

And- yes, and yes…

And- I for one said- disarm only!

And- Hilliard shouted in alarm over their heads of their battling crowd.

And- as Mallerie sank to her knees; a jet of hoary light hit Mallerie in their heart, and she doubled up, breathless, and she peed, down her little young girl schoolchild uniform skirt, and she took off her undies on their spot and said o-opiee-c's.

Naddalin had hit her with a Tickling Charm, and she could barely move for pleasing giggling.

Naddalin hung back, with a vague feeling it would be unsporting to

bewitch, Mallerie while she was on their floor, but this was a mistake; gasping for breath, Mallerie pointed his wand at Naddalin’s knees, Hayvanna, And- Tarantallegra! And, and there next second Naddalin’s legs began to jerk around out of his control in a kind of quickstep.

And- Stop! Stop!

And- screamed Hilliard, but Gonzales took charge. And, Finite Incarnate! And she shouted; Naddalin’s feet stopped dancing, Mallerie stopped

laughing, and they were able to look up.

A haze of jade- sh smoke was hovering over their scene.

Both Neville and Joy were lying on their floor, panting; Jinger was holding up an ashen-faced Laila, apologizing for whatever his broken wand had done; but Emmah and Millicent Bulstrode was still moving; Millicent had Emmah in a headlock and Emmah was whimpering in pain; both their wands lay forgotten on their floor.

Naddalin leaped forward and pulled Millicent off. It was difficult: She was a lot bigger than she was.

And- Dear, dear, and said- Hilliard, skittering through their crowd, looking at the aftermath of their duels. And- Up you go,

Macmillan…

- And-

Chapter: 145

And- Careful there, Miss. Fawcett… Pinch it hard, it will stop bleeding in a second.

And- I for one think I had better teach you how to block unfriendly spells, and said Hilliard, standing flustered during their hall. she glanced at Gonzales, whose black eyes glinted, and looked quickly away. And, let us have a volunteer pair – Longboart Hayvannah and Santah- Sletcherrle, how about you...

-And, this is A bad idea, Professor Hilliard.

And, yes said snapped, gliding over like a large and malevolent bat.

And- Longboart Hayvannah causes devastation with their simplest spells.

We will be sending what is left of Santa Slithered up to their hospital wing in a matchbox.

And- Neville’s round, pink face went pinker.

And, How about Mallerie and-?

And said Gonzales with a twisted smile.

And- Excellent idea! And said- Hilliard, gesturing Naddalin, and

Mallerie into the middle of their hall as their crowd backed away to give them room.

And, Now, Naddalin, and said Hilliard. And, When Draco points his wand at you, you do this.

Similarly, she raised her wand, tried a complicated wiggling action, and dropped it. Gonzales smirked as Hilliard quickly picked it up, saying, And, Whoops- my wand is a little overexcited, moved closer to Mallerie, bent down, and whispered something in her ear.

Mallerie smirked, too. Naddalin looked up apprehensively at Hilliard and said, and- Professor, could you show me that blocking thing again?

Like- equally- Scared? Similarly, muttered Mallerie, so that Hilliard could not hear her.

And- You wish, equally said Naddalin out of the corner of her mouth.

Hilliard cuffed Naddalin merrily on their shoulder.

Also- Just do what I did, Naddalin!

- And-

Part: 1

And- what, drop my wand?

And- nonetheless, Hilliard was not listening.

And- three - two - one - go!

And- she shouted.

Mallerie raised his wand quickly and bellowed, And- Responsorial!

-And-

The end of his wand exploded; Naddalin watched, aghast, as a long black evil angel of the love of final death shot out of it, fell heavily onto their floor between them, and raised itself, ready to strike. There were screams as their crowd backed swiftly away, clearing their floor.

And- do not move, and said Gonzales lazily, enjoying their sight of Naddalin standing motionless, eye to eye with their angry banished angel of

the love of final death. And- I will get rid of it…

- Similarly-

And- Allow me!

And- shouted Hilliard.

She brandished her…

The wand… at the evil angel of the love of final death and there was a loud bang!

Their fallen angel of the love of final death, instead of vanishing, flew

ten feet into their air and fell back to their floor with a loud smack.

Enraged, derision furiously, it slithered straight toward Joy Santah-Sletcherrle and raised itself again, fangs exposed, poised to strike.

Naddalin was not sure what made her do it. She was not even aware of deciding to do it. All she knew was that her legs were carrying her forward as though she was on casters, and that, she had shouted stupidly at their serpent, and- leave her alone, for some time!

Similarly, and yes miraculously - strangely - their banished angel of the love of final death slumped to their floor, docile as a thick, black garden hose, its eyes now on Naddalin.

Naddalin felt their fear drain out of her. She knew their evil angel of the love of final death would not attack anyone now, though how she knew it, she could not have explained.

She looked up at Joy, grinning, expecting to see Joy looking relieved, or puzzled, or even grateful - but certainly not angry and scared.

Same- What do you think you are playing at?

And- she shouted, and before Naddalin could say anything, Joy had turned and stormed out of their hall.

Gonzales stepped forward, waved her wand, and their fallen angel of the love of final death vanished in a small puff of black smoke. Gonzales, too, was unexpectedly looking at Naddalin: It was a shrewd and calculating look, and Naddalin did not like it.

She was also dimly aware of an ominous muttering all around their walls. Then she felt a tugging on their back of her robes.

And- Come on, equally said Jigger’s voice in her ear. The same- move - come on…

- And-

Part: 2

Jinger steered her out of their hall, Emmah hurrying alongside them.

As they went through their doors, their people on either side drew

away as though they were frightened of catching something.

Naddalin did not have a clue what was going on, and neither Jinger nor Emmah explained anything until they had dragged her all their way up to their empty Coletti common room.

Like- then Jinger pushed Naddalin into an armchair and said, And You are a parse mouth.

Why…?

Why- didn’t you tell us?

-And-

‘And’- I am what?

‘And’- said Naddalin.

And- A Parcel- mouth!

‘And’- said Jinger.

And you can talk to the banished angel of the love of final deaths!

-And- So-o…?

…?...

And- I know and said Naddalin.

And- I mean, that is only their second time I have ever done it.

I am accidentally set a fallen angel on my cousin- Dariez at their menagerie garden once, when we were younger a- long story - but it was telling me, it had never seen Brazil, and I set it free without meaning to that was before, I knew I was a wizard - Equally- and, An evil angel told you it had never seen Brazil, yet it was on Earth at one time? And Jinger repeated faintly.

And, So-o…?

And- said Naddalin. And- I bet loads of people here can do it.

-And-

And- Oh, no they cannot, and said Jinger. And- It is not a common gift. Naddalin, this is bad.

-And-

And- What is bad…?

And- said Naddalin, starting to feel quite angry.

And- What’s Jigger with everyone?

Listen, if I had not told that evil angel of the love of final death not to attack Joy and- Oh, that is what you said to it?

-And-

And- what you mean? You were there - you heard me - and…

Then- I heard you speaking Reports, and said- Jinger. And- Dark Angel of the love of final death language. You could have been saying anything - no wonder Joy, you sounded like you were egging their evil angel of the love of final death on or something - it was creepy, you know…

-And-

Naddalin gaped at her...

(shocking moment- face... hand up at her mouth.)

And- I spoke a different language?

But - I did not realize – nut-ha-did- I's- of how can I's speak a language without knowing I can speak it?

-And-

Jinger shook her head. Both her and Emmah were looking as though someone had died.

Naddalin could not see what was so terrible.

And- you want to tell me what's Jinger, and with stopping a massive evil angel of the love of final death biting off Joy's head?

And, she said. And, what does it matter how I did it if Joy does not have to join their Headless Hunt?

-And-

And- It matters, and said Emmah, speaking at last in a hushed voice, and because being able to talk to

the evil angel of the love of final deaths was what Sofie O. Andreasen was famous for. That is why their symbol of Andreasen House is a serpent.

And…?

Naddalin’s mouth felt open.

And- Exactly, And- said Jinger. And, and now their whole savannah is going to think you are his great- great- great- great- grand girl or something…

-And-

But I am not, and said Naddalin, with a terror she could not explain at all.

And- You will find that hard to prove, And- said Emmah. And- she lived about a thousand years ago; for all we know, you could be.

-And-

Naddalin lay’s awake for hours that night.

Through a gap in their curtains around her four-poster, she watched

snow starting to drift past their tower window and wondered…

Could she be a descendant of Sofie O. Andreasen?

She did not know anything about- her daddy’s family- so that was what was said.

The Andreasen had always forbidden questions about his wizarding relatives.

Quietly, Naddalin tried to say something in Reports.

The words would not come. She had to be face- to- face with an evil angel of the love of final death to do it.

But then again, I am in Coletti, Naddalin thought.

The Sorcererring Hat would not have put me in here if I had Andreasen blood within me… and then sorcerer ring on their finger for good of that color, of the gem-stone that matches. the house that I belong to for now and always in the afterlife.

Ah, said a nasty little voice in his brain, but their Sorcererring Hat

wanted to put you in Andreasen, don’t you remember?

Naddalin turned over, she would see Joy there next day in Angel-magical-a-ology and she would explain that she had been calling their evil angel of the love of final death off, not egging it on, which (she thought angrily, pummeling her pillow,) any fool should have grasped.

However, that night she was thinking more about then seeing the one years- have their first Angel of Flight class, with new grown wings and

bodies still nude not yet time to have whippy robs light webbed coverings, fresh red dripping blood still on them as they start to flap. The names of their make dripping from the backs as it was cut in the flesh.